FIGARO IN LONDON.

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—Lady Montagu.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones) of Political history. They supply information as to the personal habits, and often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—Croker's New Whig Guide.

No. 83.] SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1833. [Price One Penny

THE SPY SYSTEM.

The above caricature undoubtedly pictures forth the figures of three most desperate scoundrels, who may perchance without much difficulty be recognised. It will be seen they are drawn in the garb, and are represented as following the calling of rat-catchers, while they are seen to be using as an accomplice to set their trap a scoundrel in the garb of a policeman, who with a ready hand appears to be using *villany* as the bait, an article of which "all his tribe" possess undoubtedly a very abundant quantity. The genius of Seymour whose turbid imagination has conjured up this strange picture, seems to have taken its terrific tone this week, from a recent disclosure in the House of Commons, where it has been asserted in a petition that the new police have been used as spies to entrap the people into acts, which might place in jeopardy their lives, and have already cost too many of them their liberty. It appears that a scoundrel named *Popay*, has done all in his power, as a member of a political union, to excite the people to acts of illegality, and has contributed on many occasions money for the promotion of proceedings against the Government. This Popay now turns out to have been a policeman, who since his connection with the unions has been promoted with astounding rapidity, and for the traps he has laid for the lives of his fellow men, he has in the most unaccountable manner been rewarded by the favour of those in authority. The *candid* Althorpe on Monday admitted that policemen had been sent in plain clothes to public meetings, but, he says, "if any one took part in the proceedings of the meetings, he must have exceeded his duty." This is admitting the fact of the employment of the police as spies, and the circumstance of their endeavouring to excite persons to violence is merely set down as *excess of duty* by our Reforming Government. If the allegations in the petition alluded to can be proved, we think *Popay* will find his neck in danger, and at all events, if the places of the present Ministers were not already gone, what has even yet transpired on the subject of the spy system, is sufficient to overturn the existing Government. In Castlereagh's time the Ministers used as it were to fish among the people with halters, but the system was not out of character with the professions and principles of a Tory Government. The Whigs, however, pretend an abhorrence of these proceed-

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ings, and their baseness in acting on them becomes more detestable than it could be considered when displayed by their predecessors in tyranny. The Tories were known to be constantly employed in entrapping the poor and the ignorant by urging them on unwittingly to illegality, but for a Government professing Reform to be found even exceeding in infamy those who held the reins of power before them, bears the aspect of villainy unparalelled in the annals of turpitude. We trust that the masters and men, the Ministers and the police, the despots and their creatures, will all be smashed together. Our tomahawk shall not be wanting at the momentous crisis.

THE INTERPRETER.

Law of Libel.

We are sorry to find that Mr. King of Chancery Lane, and several other newsvenders of the same respectability, have been served with notices of action by *Dicas* the attorney, for selling copies of the *Satirist*, which contained reflections upon him, that he thought proper to make the subject of a legal proceeding. The individuals in question have done nothing more than was warranted by the fair nature of their business, and the verdict of an honest and intelligent jury, should such cases be brought into court, will put an end, we trust, to prosecutions for which neither a generous motive nor a beneficial object can be assigned.—*United Kingdom, June 30th* 1833.

The above extract from our contemporary the *United Kingdom* contains sentiments in which we fully concur, for nothing can be more unjust than to make newsvenders accountable for the matter contained in newspapers. We have not seen the subject matter of the alleged libel, and we know nothing of the man called Dicas or of his character, but the latter must be made of frail stuff indeed, if an attack upon it cannot be repaired without proceeding against half the respectable newsmen in the metropolis. When an attorney brings more actions than are necessary for the end of justice, it is evident that *costs* are the point to which his conduct tends, and therefore if Dicas has a character to lose, (not that we mean to hint that he has) the best way of saving it will be to confine his remedy to the source of his supposed injury. Whenever a pettifogging rascal of an attorney is so dignified above his contemptible obscurity as to have a bit of truth told about him in a public paper, he instantly snatches the privilege of the law to dub the said truth a libel, and with an appetite for costs, whetted by long abstinence, he pounces like a vulture on all the parties concerned, knowing that there must be law expences at least, even though the dreadfully debased condition of his character will not admit the possibility of damages. In order that this may not be construed into libellous matter, either for its supposed allusion or for its undoubted truth, we beg distinctly to be understood, that we do not mean the allusion for Mr. Dicas, nor for any pettifogging scoundrel in particular, but as a sweeping remark on legal scamps in general. Dicas shall have no opportunity of bringing another action against the zealous Mr. King and his respectable fellow-venders of our publication all over the world, since we again distinctly state we don't allude to Dicas, and so we prevent at once the cap from being tried on by any small attorney, either for the sake of costs or damages.

Hungerford New Market.

This splendid building will be formally opened to the public at two o'clock this afternoon. A procession will be formed in the lower quadrangle, and is proposed to be in the following order:—

The Market Beadle and Assistants.
Twenty Workmen of the five principal crafts—four of each.
Twenty Charity Boys.
Twenty Charity Girls.
The Clergyman of the Parish.
The Contractors of the building.
The Meter.
The Superintendant and Collectors.
The Clerk of the Company.
The Architect, C. Fowler, Esq.
The Court of Directors—Two and two.
The Auditors.
The Proprietors—Three abreast.

The procession having been formed, they will proceed round the lower quadrangle, up the steps, round the galleries, and thence up the great hall to the extremity of the upper area on one side, and return on the other to the terrace in front of the river. An address appropriate to the occasion will then be delivered, after which the band will play the national anthem.—*Morning Chronicle.*

The spirit of humbug is generally the patron saint of any new undertaking in England. Nothing can be done without a procession. If it be a bridge that is opened, a king must figure in the pageant, while if the ceremony be merely the opening of a market, the "parish beadle" is destined to figure away in the plenitude of a few hours' parade, before the admiring eyes of the multitude. Nothing is to be done without a procession, which of course varies in the scale of insignificance according to the importance of the object it is intended to celebrate. The other day, when the city in their wisdom thought proper to erect an ugly bit of straight granite to the memory of Waithman, there must needs be a beggarly troop of small civic authorities with Harmer the lawyer at their head, to attend the ceremony of lowering the first bit of the unseemly pile into the hollow allotted for it. We do not object to the monument, far from it, we think it an admirable type of Waithman's magnificent *genius* (!) and we are sure we shall never see the lump of stone without thinking of the *transcendant talents* (!) of the deceased alderman. We only protest against the procession which included, we believe, the ticket porters two and two, the beadles of the ward one abreast, and the charity children of the parish in interesting files of some eight or ten small drinkers at the grand civic Pierian spring of free knowledge. The inhabitants of the workhouse, we believe, brought up the rear, while all the police that could be scraped off their posts gave their illustrious countenance to the occasion. But we think there was a vast deal too much civic dignity expended in sticking up a dim bit of granite, which was about "half a man's work for a day," as the bricklayer's would have it in their own peculiar vocabulary. We have quoted the account of the Hungerford market procession, which is a satire on itself. It is a fine thing to be a parish authority, when on every trumpery occasion processions are to be got up by just sending an order on the workhouse or the charity schools. We have a great mind to get elected a vestryman of the parish in which we reside, in order that we may lug out the young ideas who are being taught to shoot in the charity schools, and make them walk in procession to our publisher's shop with each newly published number of *Figaro*. It would be a more national affair than either Hungerford market or the Waithman obelisk.

ENGLISH MELODIES, No. 45.

The various members of the Cabinet have one and all settled down into a feeling of despondence, ever since we announced that the death blow has been given to their Government. Poor Grey reminds us forcibly of the fate of Masaniello the Neapolitan, who after being carried into power on the shoulders of the people, tried the experiment of conciliating the enemies of his country, and was ultimately sacrificed to the vengeance of those whom he had betrayed. Grey seems to feel his situation to correspond with that of the individual alluded to, and accordingly he rushes through the offices in Downing-street with a wild air, "singing," as the play says, "snatches from his favourite baccarolle." He yearns for the days of last session

when supplies were granted, and no questions asked. But lo! reader listen to the plaintive melody.

AIR.—*Come to me when daylight sets.*

Oh come to me when each house sets,
Brough'm then come to me,
When smoothly go our estimates
Through the house of C.
When Hume's asleep, and Stanley grins
Beneath the lustre's ray,
While Althorpe a long story spins,
To steal supplies away.

Oh come to me when each house sets,
Brough'm then come to me,
When smoothly glide our estimates
Through the house of C.
Oh then's the hour for those that love
Cash, like thee and me,
When all's so smooth below, above
In Lords and House of C.

When Stanley speaks sweet rigmaroles,
Whigs echoing the strain
So sweet, that even liberal souls
Turn half to Whigs again.
So come to me when each house sets,
Brough'm then come to me,
When smoothly go our estimates
Through the House of C.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 44.

"Higgins, you unalloyed idiot," said the Duke, "get me the Map of London." (The map was brought.) "Now, you beast, strike a light." (After two hours fiddling with the tinder-box, the feat was achieved.) "Now, you cursed ass, light a candle." (The mutton fat was illumed.) "And lastly, you brute, look at me." (The *aid-de-camp* opened his eyes till they were filled with bluebottles, which kept flying about them mistaking them for candles.) "Now, Higgins, see me burn away this part of the map," saying which he set fire to that portion of it pourtraying the Thames, exclaiming after it, "Now haven't I given the lie to my detractors, who have so often said I should never set *the Thames on fire!*" Higgins dropped down dead!!!!!!!!!!

BROUGHAMIANA, NO. 20.

It is well known that the Chancellor schools all the Whig minions in the Commons every day before the debate, and gives them the tone and manner, besides occasionally the matter for the speeches of the evening. When Cobbett's motion about the police spy Popay was known to be coming on, the Treasury in conscious guilt was a scene of terror and confusion. Brougham was giving his directions who was to speak on the occasion, and Lamb being connected with the Home Department, insisted on his right to play the orator. The Chancellor, knowing what an ass the Under Sec. is, and how utterly he must spoil any thing like an exculpation of the ministry told him he should say nothing about it. "Oh," cried Lamb, "that's a cursed shame; I'm sure I could say something very *sharp*." "No doubt," replied the witty Brougham, "and you will show your *sharpness* best by *cutting the subject*.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare.*

A Double Advantage.

The speeches of the tergiversating Philpotts are at least worthy of being studied on one account, they are sure to take *both sides* of the question.

Epigram.

(A compliment to a Chief Baron.)

Some men they say are often so confined
In mental power, they scarce possess a mind,
But some in politics have more than plenty,
Lyndhurst has not *one mind* alone but *twenty*.

Epigram.

(A good word for Ministers.)

The Whigs 'tis said have often broke
Their promises which end in smoke;
Thus their defence I build,
Granted in office they have slept,
Yet sure those *promises* are *kept*,
Which never are fulfilled.

A Stumbling Block.

Ministers have got themselves into such a mess with the *Bank* question, that they will probably find it a *Bank* not easily to be surmounted.

Epigram.

(A good word for Gloucester.)

Gloucester, I stoutly will maintain it,
A head and brains doth both possess,
And thus I clearly will explain it,
By proving neither more nor less,
The brains, his head of course *within* contains,
If, as we know, *his head's without the brains*.

Epigram.

(A good word for Wynford.)

Wynford has *party feeling* many say.
But facts against the charge I freely call,
For by his acts he shows us every day,
That he *no feeling* does possess at all.

THEATRICALS.

A miracle has this week been achieved in the dramatic annals of the country carriages have been positively seen at that, but lately the most degraded of dens the Cobourg theatre, and persons with coats on were positively seen entering by the pit door, which under Davidge's management was wont to be beset by all the shirtless ragamuffins in the proverbially raffish vicinage of the establishment. But Messrs. Egerton and Abbott having taken the house, it has been entirely redecorated and opened on Monday with a new company both before and behind the curtain, which if walls had eyes, as well as it is said they have ears, would have made the very bricks and mortar stare at the respectability which they had the unaccustomed duty of enclosing. But a few months ago we do not believe that the whole wardrobe of a Cobourg audience would have fetched more than a pound note by the most lingering of hammers, while on Monday night we calculated up to the value of at least 10*l.* in opera-glasses, sticks and watch-chains alone in the very same box that we ourselves occupied. Planché the dramatist was at our left, in a waistcoat worthy the author of Charles XII, and a stick that seemed so new, and so exactly of a corresponding value with his last new piece, the *Students of Jena*, that we should think he had purchased it with the 2*s.* 6*d.* that we assess as the probable proceeds of that unfortunate production. The new editor of the *Court Journal* in a *surtout* as seedy as a newly sown field, was also in our neighbourhood, but our readers will say the mention of these people is quite irrelevant, to our topic—the *respectability* of the audience. The amusements commenced with God Save the King, and a speech by Mr. Abbott full of appropriate clap-traps on the fertile subject of the new *spec*, and we should have said that gammon as it was, Mr. A. spoke it with feeling, but

that we found when at fault he looked earnestly to the wing, and his emotions lost much of their effect from his taking the cue for them so palpably from the side scenes. His expressions of gratitude were doubtless sincere, but through the prompter bringing out as it were a premature edition, Mr. Abbott's protestations of heartfelt thankfulness to his patrons came with a blunted point on the ear of the audience. Susceptibility, emotion and white pocket-handkerchiefs are fine things to open a theatre with, in fact since Elliston set the brilliant example of weeping over a full house, tears have been as indispensable to an opening address, as they were wont to be to the speeches of Lord Eldon. With the exception of the pathetics coming too evidently from the prompters book, the opening address went off well enough, and Mr. Abbott contrived to drench a clean cambric with considerable decency. Of the opening piece we are sorry we cannot speak in the highest terms. It is full of twaddle, a high minded and high born robber, several gruff but humane *ditto*, a count (very rascally), and a minstrel in buff boots and feathers, an old woman and two young ones, the latter of whom turns out to be the daughter of the high born robber, who when he is told the fact, immediately recognizes "the mother's angel eyes," the "lovely auburn hair," the "beauteous lips," and all those little garnishings of female beauty, which adorn a woman much in the same way as roast beef is adorned by horse-radish. These things the count recognizes for the *denouement*, though blind to them throughout the whole of the piece; the sinners all repent, the virtuous are all declared to be happy, the incorrigible are killed off wholesale, parents and children rush into each other's arms, rivals join hands forgetful of animosity, and the curtain drops to a contending torrent of applause and hisses, in which the former, seeming resolved to stand by its orders, on the occasion above mentioned, did predominate. Of the company we can speak generally in terms of sincere praise. Warde, Mrs. Keeley, and others are all highly creditable testimonies to the spirit of the intended management, while our worthy friend Turnour seems to have sprung up into a comic importance which in his brightest dreams he never could have been bold enough to anticipate. He really performs a comic part with great humour, a fact we can only account for by the recollection that he has lately been a very zealous vender of *Figaro in London*, in a shop he keeps in Broad Court, and it is said that since he has taken to this delightful business, he has been a wit of the most delicate order. We are told that he has been seen positively in a state of apparent inebriety, when it has been ascertained he has only been drinking deeply from the pages of this periodical, and in order to save him from actual plethora, Mr. Abbott has consented to allow him a valve for his newly acquired humour, by suffering him to act funny parts at the Victoria. This is as it should be. We have to object seriously to the introduction to this stage of a Mrs. Garrick, who from the obsoletenes of her talent, and her dreadful antiquity, may for what we know be the mother of the great Garrick, but family connexion is no plea for imbecility—let her be removed poor old woman; we fear she is only engaged to save the dramatic fund on the same principle as a pauper is taken into employ, that he may not by becoming a burden add to the amount of the poor rates. Away with her for heaven's sake, we would sooner allow her a pension from our own privy purse, than have her before us as an eyesore on the boards of so promising a theatre as the Victoria. Black-eyed Susan wound up, it having been brought out expressly to give our old and much esteemed friend Egerton an opportunity of appearing in his pet part of the admiral. He passes sentence of death, in a manner that would overawe the most desperate of criminals; and asks the jury for their verdict in a tone that might overcome the most volatile of jurymen; he appears to have studied the judicial bench with great accuracy, and he evidently has founded his style upon the manner of judge Park, whilst he throws into his deportment a nice dash of the suavity of Littledale. Mr. Egerton displays the candour of baron Hullock, without the *brusquerie* of that enlightened judge, while he nods to the jury with a resolute air that strongly brought back to mind the firm bearing of the late Lord Tenterden. The audience acknowledged by an enthusiastic burst of applause, the transcendant genius of the lessee whose performance would really have done honour to the old Bailey. With the exception of the new piece which was selected we think hastily, every thing passed off well, and as we hear many novelties are in preparation, we feel sure the defect of judgment will be repaired easily. We hear that a new farce called *the Spare Bed* is to come out on Monday, and from what we know of the author's talents, a rich treat may we think be anticipated.

Vauxhall was brilliantly attended on Friday night, but "where's that palace whereinto foul things sometimes intrude not?" We shall perhaps be understood by this to insinuate that Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane was in the gardens: he was, and with a large gang of people, whom he shoved down upon the free list, under the wholesale denomination of Mr. "Bunn and friends." This announcement in the free list was almost enough to deter decent people from entering the gardens, for they might naturally expect to encounter all the raff of the metropolis. We however brave any danger in the execution of our duty, and entered fearlessly; when we found the manager's man seated at a table in the supper rooms, and evidently too far gone for very active vulgarity. He amused himself by talking bad French to a dirty foreigner, but as they were in the propinquity of the duke of Darmstadt's band, their voices were happily for the most part inaudible. The vulgar contortions of the precious *duo* were however occasionally painfully disgusting. Our little friend Dubourg struts about the gardens every night. We do not object to him here, where his amusing proceedings are more on a par than they are at the opera: besides at Vauxhall, few people know him for a pastry cook, and we won't tell if he'll behave himself prettily and confine himself as he has done latterly (thanks to our tomahawk) to the coffee room at the King's theatre.

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